

The Saturday News

AN ALBERTAN WEEKLY REVIEW

VOL. V.

SATURDAY, JULY 9, 1910.

No. 28.

Note and Comment

The death of that very remarkable man, Sir William Butler, has led to a much increased demand for his books in Canada, though the public librarian in an eastern city says that there are few of a serious nature for which he has had more calls during the last decade. In view of the vast development going on in this part of the country, the observations which he made in the early seventies during a trip from Fort Garry into the country north of Edmonton have the greatest historical value. The following extract from "The Wild North Land" will strike a responsive chord in the hearts of many an old-timer:

"One of the old friends of that time," he writes, "still survives—the gentleman of the Hudson's Bay Company who was my companion from Fort Carlton to Lake Athabasca in the winter of '72-73. He tells me in a letter written from Winnipeg at Christmas last that my little village of Fort Garry is now a great city, which will one day be 'the Chicago of Canada.' He tells me also of towns and bridges and expansions and he sends me newspapers with pictures of hotels, grain elevators and universities, all of approved American design, and of entirely up-to-date ugliness. All this is, no doubt, quite as it should be; but it goes to prove all the same that the Wild North Land is dead and buried. I do not want to see its grave; I prefer to remember it as I saw it more than a generation ago and I believe that one Chicago is amply sufficient for any one world. Indeed, I can never be grateful enough that it was given to me to see the old things in North America before the deluge; prairies pure and unspotted; great herds of buffaloes; the sun setting over a silent wilderness."

This is a point of view with which most of us who have lived in the west long enough to imbibe some of the spirit of its first citizens are tolerably familiar with. But seldom has a sentiment been given finer expression to. We must rejoice over all the progress which we see about us. A great land like this was meant to be the home of correspondingly large populations. But to those to whom Nature in the vast appeals, national advancement is always bought at a very considerable price.

The Saturday News has always preached the gospel of the north country and an article which appeared in last Saturday's Toronto Globe had accordingly unusual interest for it. It was by Mr. R. E. Young, chief geographer of the Dominion and was entitled, "The New Northwest." The heading represented young Canada with his feet footed family on a line drawn between Edmonton and Prince Albert and with the other flourishing cities of the west behind him looking out upon the vast "hinterland." For those who discredit the assertions made by competent witnesses as to its wealth, Mr. Young has a warning. He notes that in the Montreal Transcript of a date in the late 'fifties—just over fifty years ago—when the question as to the extinction of the sovereign rights claimed by the Hudson's Bay Company in nearly all of our western country was occupying the minds of people in the Canada of that day, one reads that the climate of the northwest is "altogether unfavorable to the growth of grain," and that the summer is so short as to make it difficult to "mature even a small potato or a cabbage."

In juxtaposition he places the figures for last year's crop in the three prairie provinces. Altogether 363,899,556 bushels of grain, with an estimated value of \$200,000,000 were raised on less than one twelfth of the surveyed land. This is what the old "northwest" has accomplished. As to the territory to which that term is now properly applied, Mr. Young writes: "With the experience of this last quarter of a century to look back upon and a great unprospected area to operate in, who would say that there are no more Yukons or Cobalts? And so far as new settlement areas are concerned, let the skeptically-inclined peruse the reports with an open mind and realize that in the new Northwest there is room for an immense population of tillers of the soil. I would not go so far as some estimates that have been made as to areas available, but it may be taken as certain that there is in the north country at least three or four times the total area now under cultivation in the prairies which will yet be occupied by successful agriculturists, and in the belt of country farther north and extending westerly from Hudson Bay, yet entirely unprospected, leading mineralogists do not hesitate to predict that there are very great possibilities of new and valuable mining fields being discovered."

A correspondent sends the following much-appreciated letter:

The references which have been made to the career and to the character of Gildwin Smith have been of extraordinary interest, coming from a wide variety of sources and being made with a freedom which was impossible during his lifetime. Particularly noteworthy are those which have to do with his religious belief. He was a constant contributor to the columns of the New York Sun, which in this connection calls attention to two very important letters:

"I heard Ingersoll," wrote Dr. Smith in a personal letter to the editor of this newspaper, a considerable number of years ago. "He was extremely clever, but he did little good, and has left little trace."

Again, in sending one of the last of the remarkable series of personal letters to the Sun, in which he discussed during a period of several years the

Toronto, the pastor of which, Rev. W. Harris Wallace, made this statement:

"I don't know any person of the congregation outside the church whom I held in higher regard than the late Dr. Smith. I think he was understood by us better than by the general public, for he was one of us. I take this opportunity of denouncing any words which may have been spoken or published classing him as an agnostic and I admire him for his attitude towards the truth, towards God and Jesus Christ. I was glad when I understood him that way. I admire our dear departed friend more than I do the average Christian who professes to adhere to some specific doctrine but does not do so. He walked according to the light that God had given him and was true to his convictions. He has been an example to many of us."

No really great man is a scoffer. He is tolerant of honest opinion, wherever it is found, so long as it serves as an inspiration to good deeds. Those

Her faith through form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good,
O sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a thought divine.

See thou, that conitnest reason ripe

In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin
And e'en for want of such a type.

In regard to Dr. Smith the Vancouver Saturday Sunset says: "He was worth a million dollars in money when he died. The world having no other standard for the measurement of men, his real value to mankind cannot be stated in precise terms."

Quite true, but may not the fact that Dr. Smith was independently wealthy have had a very important bearing on his general career of usefulness. In many cases a competence acts as a detriment when it comes to accomplishing anything of real value to the world. We all know men to whom material good fortune has meant their ruin. But we venture to say that the instances are much more numerous where great talents have gone for little or nothing, so far as the world at large knows, because these were at all times driven hard by the task of providing the common necessities of life for themselves and those dependent upon them. To the right kind of man to be free from these must give chances which he otherwise would not have. The possession of money in itself is only of value in that it enables us to cease worrying about it. It is little use to tell a man who lacks his dinner not to be materialistic.

Are we producing a criminal class? This is the question which Mr. J. G. Cowper asks us in the current number of the Canadian Magazine and the answer which he gives is well worth paying careful heed to. He calls attention to the fact that during the year 1907 (the last year for which Dominion figures are yet obtainable), one person out of every 78 in the Dominion was convicted of some offence. In Manitoba one person out of every 41 was convicted. These figures, however, include all summary offences, many of which it would be incorrect to class as criminal, such as breaches of the license laws, etc. The startling, significant thing about the matter is that of a total of 9110 convictions for indictable offences in Canada during 1907, 4798 were for common theft. These do not include cases of burglary, highway robbery, house and shop-breaking, false pretences, conspiracy, picking pockets, or any of the usual methods practised by the professional thief. The second significant fact is that 88.33 per cent. of these thefts were perpetrated in cities and towns, and only 11.67 per cent. in rural districts. The third significant fact is that 76.5 per cent. of the thieves were unmarried persons of the laboring class. Out of the 4798 convicted persons only 22 were of the professional class, and only 445 were skilled mechanics. Mr. Cowper concludes that an analysis of the criminal records points to the following conclusions:

- 1.—That one-half of the grime of Canada is common theft.
- 2.—That nearly nine-tenths of it occurs in towns and cities.
- 3.—That the offenders are principally young unmarried men.

It is argued that the statistics prove that we have with us in Canada a floating regiment of the unemployed and the socially unfit, men who are crowded out in the competition for jobs, men who are probably deficient in initiative and self-reliance, men who do not marry because they are unable to establish homes, men who are living on the thin edge of nothing, and who when work is not plentiful hover between a night's shelter in the police station and an opportunity to steal. Only 22 per cent. of the common thieves are reported as being immoderate in the use of drink, and only 8 per cent. are illiterate.

The Ottawa Free Press supplements Mr. Cowper's article by pointing out that the criminal statistics show that the chief offenders are not foreigners, and, therefore, we cannot place the blame for the increase of crime upon immigration. The chief sources of responsibility must be looked for elsewhere, and will probably be found to include neglect of home training for children, because fathers and mothers are too busily engaged elsewhere to look after their offspring, a lack of definite moral training and a lowered standard of morality and decency. It is also true that the ranks of unskilled labor are swelled by the large number of boys and girls who leave school at too early an age because our system of education is not sufficiently practical, and that children are permitted to remain in idleness between the age of 14 and 16, probably the most formative period in a child's life. Many of these

(Continued on page eight)

ALBERTA'S RECENT VISITOR



Scenes during the inspection conducted by Sir John French at Toronto

greatest problems that concern the human mind, the destiny of man, the changing standards of religious faith, the immortality of the soul, he said of that particular article:

"I believe nothing will be found in it impious by any man who does not hold—as no men of science. I suppose, do, and even Gladstone did not—by the inspiration and infallibility of Genesis. My special object, in fact, was rather to show before I went out of the world that I was not without religion."

"I feel that my state is still doubtful, and I do not wish to go out of the world as a reputed enemy of religion. This leads me to address to you one more letter—not a very long one—and to feel that its appearance as early as it would be convenient to you is on my own account to be desired."

Again it will be news to a good many people that Dr. Smith was in the habit of attending the services of Beverley Street Baptist Church, near his home in

who strive to weaken the hold of religion, in its broadest sense, upon the minds of the mass of the people and those who in fanatical adherence to some particular theory evolved by theologians, try to enforce it on men, who have a far better conception of what real religion is than they have themselves, are each in their own way among the world's worst enemies. Gildwin Smith's attitude has never been better expressed than in Tennyson's lines:

O thou that after toil and storm
May seem to have reached a purer air,
Whose faith has centred everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form.

Leave thou thy sister, where she prays
Her early heaven, her happy views,
Nor thou with shadowed hints confuse
A life that leads melodious days.

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AN ALBERTA WEEKLY REVIEW
Published by
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THE FARM-WIFE

Where ends the road across the hill?
I do not know—I do not know;
But all day long and all the night
I long to go—I long to go.

It runs so straight beneath the sun,
So white beneath the moon;
It calls me from my work and dreams,
And I must answer—soon.

I sold my door, I do my tasks,
I kiss my goodman, check—
Yet I can not hear my baby's laugh
For what the Road would speak.

Where ends the road? I only know
Here, from the pasture-bars,
It is familiar to the sun
And near to the stars.

—Reginald Wright Kauffman.

"EACH SPOKE WORDS OF HIGH DISDAIN"

"One hears continually the glorification of the West. Really, listen to what is said, leads one to wonder if one is any good at all here in the East? Perhaps it is this eternal bragging and blowing, no matter how politely disguised, that makes Easterners rather shrink from the noisy big things West? And if there be any one created being that sends me into my shell, it is the woman from the West, who seldom has the Western man's excuse of great constructive or other work for her breezy and arbitrary attitude. Of course the tone is in the air out there and its very catching, and she boasts and recounts what she has heard recounted as if she had really had a hand in the matter. Not only that, but she brings the ways of the West into our quieter and more respectful midst, and annoys those of us who do not understand. In this respect the woman from the West is the last straw. Of course there are westerners who haven't quite forgotten how they used to exist here and we welcome them with a blessed thankfulness of respect from that strenuous and aggressive type of whom I was thinking."

"I was talking to a woman from the West about the matter one day lately. 'The trouble with you is,' she said sharply, 'that you're so unprogressive! Now, if you'd come out West you'd soon rub off your silly ideas about what you can and cannot do. No one bothers what anyone else does. We do as we please, and it's nobody's business! And with your brains (she did really allow me brains) but in a cursory tone, as if they were not the main thing, you'd soon be getting twice the money you get in this sleepy town. You're in a rut. Better come back with me!' And so saying, she smiled patronizingly and held out a hand, which I took fearfully, for I don't want in the least to be hauled out West."

"Sometimes a less strenuous Westerner smiles knowingly and says: 'Oh! you'd be the worst of us all, once you got out there. You couldn't resist the West!' That's what probably puts my back up worse than anything. If you try to tell them why you prefer spending your spare time in other places, why you are oppressed with a horror of all that vast stretch of land without tradition or history or anything but vastness and productiveness, they just keep on smiling. It would be horribly illbred in any other countryman, but it is all right for the transient or native from the great and glorious West. If they weren't such splendid folk in other ways, one would almost dislike them for it."

"Above you will find a charming, delightfully, brotherly, and might quote, a 'blatantly, braggingly, blusteringly Western' (pretty alliteration) article written by 'Lady Gay' of Toronto Saturday Night, in which she has immortalized the Woman, or the Women of the West. I have styled it a 'B. B. Western' article, because it seems to me to reek much of the very qualities which she has been kind enough to ascribe to us. Read for yourself and question, if you can, its 'breeziness.' Ponder it well, and see if you can deny its pharisaical 'boastfulness.' Even skin through it, and see if you can muff its 'blowing' propensities, 'no matter how politely disguised.' Personally, I have not been so long absent from the East that I can't appreciate 'fine Italian' wit and handiwork when I encounter them."

As a recently-returned Easterner, so recent, that strangely enough, by a mere co-incidence, the article appeared while I was yet in Toronto. I really must be allowed a word or two in reply.

It is a fact, worthy of note, that it is the Woman of the West, not the Man, who seems to have gotten on the 'hyper-sensitive nerves of this kindest of Ladies Gay. How like a woman! The man she can tolerate, 'he is so splendid—in other ways'—though in any other countrymen his type would be considered 'horribly ill-bred.' What does it all mean, anyway? Has some stray Westerner put his knife in his mouth or done some other belled—hushy—for I cannot believe, but the mere fact of a Westerner monstrosity, that we should be so preferring, and stating his or her preference for the West as against Lady Gay's beloved East, could have brought such a torrent of alliteration—down on our unworthy heads. Some one must have committed some solecism. Did I, did you, did the other fellow?

Tag—you are it, you Woman of the West, because you 'have rarely the Western man's excuse' of great constructive or other work for your breezy and arbitrary attitude. And 'you boast, you Woman! and recount what you have heard as if you had really had a hand in the matter.' Yourself. More than that, cannot you see that you annoy those of the West of a friend, who do, and cannot, and never could understand?

There you've got it. You've gone and mistaken 'your rag and a bone and a hank of hair' for a human creature who could appreciate your enthusiasm for your great West. Oh, you 'last straw' of a woman, you! When all's said and done what does this diatribe amount to, anyway? To this, that some woman who loves this part of Canada, has 'gone home,' and spoken glowingly about it. Failed to the brim with enthusiasm for her new-found home, so precious, because she has grown to love it in spite of herself, spite of the sacrifices she has had to make to live in it, spite of old home ties and associations, spite of heart-aches and much homesickness she has been foolish enough, when questioned, to confess her devoted allegiance to it. Her very journeying home, with its attendant unloading of the immeasurable nature of the land, the wine-like air she has drunk in on her trip across the prairies, these, and many things have all conspired to add fresh zest to her affection. Perhaps for the first time, she has come to realize that a heritage is hers, she gets the 'vision'—and the aftermath is an article, after the pattern of Lady Gay's. To such as her no doubt we are crazy. She who measures everything with a yard stick. If she knew the West, which she doesn't, she would realize that in a land where fences are only incidental, new settlers are bound to acquire a wider and a bigger outlook on life. Here only the big, vital things matter. Truly one must be born again.

Perhaps with the regeneration comes an over-plus of enthusiasm. But when was enthusiasm pronounced 'horribly ill-bred'? When was heartiness christened 'blatant, bragging, blowing'? Since when has an invitation to 'come out and see us' been chalked up a social barbarism? Because when I was East, I saw hundreds of women who had had sufficient life and energy to navigate a common every-day little tangle-foot fly, did I come home to pronounce these 'persons' 'horribly off color'? Because I saw dozens of young girls so distraught and affected that they gave up the impression of corresponding cup-a-gie to Kipling's description of his vampire lady, did I come back and generalize on the young woman of the East? No, because the broadness of the West has taught me better. I realize that it takes all kinds of people to make up a world, whether east or west, and I know, too, that no one swallow ever made a summer yet.

But as to us, as women, lacking the man's excuse to 'boast' the West, as to our 'recounting what we have heard recounted, as if we ourselves had had a hand in the matter,' there surely one has subject-matter for a paragraph, but a history. It has not been given to all women to have an actual hand in the tilling of the soil of the West, but no woman has followed the destinies of the men who have taken possession of this country, without knowing much of sacrifice, much heart-ache and steady day in and day out endurance. Do not 'they also serve who only

stand and wait?'—keeping up the courage of the lords of creation, keeping alive the little niches and refinements of the race? Is it nothing that a woman—a woman who clings to the little tender things of life, the home where she was born, her childhood friends, the comforts she has been accustomed to, her people, should forsake all these in a moment to follow her lord to a part of the world of which she knows practically nothing. Men were made for adventure, and hold these things more lightly than we—but surely we may be counted as 'having done what we could.' Is it necessary to do a spectacular stunt in the way of constructing a road, etc., etc., to be a factor in the building up of a country? But why argue? This may be a man's land. In song and story and newspaper report, it is the men who do things here, but in the words of Miss Cora Hind in her toast to the pioneer women of the West, three years ago in Winnipeg, 'It is the silent heroism of these women who made possible the progress and prosperity of today. By their Jones upon the wayside we have come into our own.'

Enough said. Even the gibe at this 'land without tradition or history' I can pass up, because Lady Gay's ultimatum, both with regard to the East and its people will not carry any great amount of weight.

A social paragrapher may be able to write the most gushing and elaborate accounts of an ancient lady's very juvenile charms, may paint the calomined arms of a very old bird till they read 'like the bloom of a peach' and yet, and yet, not know a B. C. about either her adopted land or its history.

YAWNING SAID TO BE HEALTHFUL

Dr. Emil Bunzl, of Vienna, in speaking of diseases of the throat and remedies said recently that yawning had its great value. Yawning had recently been recommended, independently as a valuable exercise for the respiratory organs.

'According to Dr. Naegell of the University of Leutich,' said Dr. Bunzl, 'yawning brings all the respiratory organs of the chest and throat into action, and is therefore, the best and most natural means of strengthening them. He advises everybody to yawn as deeply as possible, with arms outstretched, in order to change completely the air in the lungs and stimulate respiration. In many cases he has found the practice to relieve the difficulty in swallowing and disturbance of the sense of hearing that accompany catarrh of the throat. The patient is induced to yawn through suggestion, imitation of a preliminary exercise in deep breathing.'

'Each treatment consists of from six to eight yawns, each followed by the operation of swallowing. It should be added, however, that it is quite possible for deep breathing to be overcome, especially by people with weak hearts, and it is at least open to question whether the obstacles of free respiration, which the yawning cure is alleged to remove, are not useful in preventing the entrance of germs and other foreign bodies.'

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MUSIC AND DRAMA

The Paris correspondent of the *Express* (London), writes:

M. Guitry, who plays the name part in "Chantecler," is guaranteed by contract a minimum of £60,000 (\$300,000) and ten per cent. of the gross receipts. The play has reached its one hundredth performance in Paris, and although it is still doing pretty well, there is a considerable falling off in the receipts. During the first ten weeks the average evening's receipts at the Porte Ste. Martin were between £450 and £500. They now average £350, and on Sundays—which compare with Saturday evenings in London—the receipts are very low indeed. This shows that the popularity of the play has not extended to the bourgeois class.

"All singers are crazy—more or less" was the way Oscar Hammerstein on reaching New York characterized the eccentricities of the famous prima donnas he encountered during his three months' tour abroad in search of talent. "It makes no difference what country you find them in or what their nationalities may be, they are all the same—crazy as they make them."

"No; I am not composing a new opera," he said to the newspaperman interviewing him. "I was just trying to do some thinking. Whenever I want to decide upon an important step instead of talking it over with my board of directors, I work out a few notes on the piano. Then I can think very clearly and decisively."

Asked about his experience in securing singers abroad, Mr. Hammerstein said that he could write a book on the things he saw and the persons he met. "During my search I found more than five hundred voices, and such a variety. Of this number I succeeded in finding only forty-seven voices that came up to the standard of the Manhattan Opera House."

"As for the eccentricities of those singers, you can put them all down in one class—they are one and all crazy. Whether they are great singers or singers of no account, they are affected with the same disease. I found this out on several occasions recently. No matter how bad I found some of them, they all believed they were superior to Patti, Melba or Caruso. If you don't agree with them and engage them at once for the highest salary ever paid they believe the world is against them—that there is a secret Mafia or some other kind of organization that is arrayed against them."

"How does the musical art in New York compare with abroad?" Mr. Hammerstein was asked.

"This is the musical centre of the world just now, and every director abroad knows it; or at least, is just awakening to the fact. The only city in which I noticed any improvement was Vienna. There they have some good singers, and give good opera, the other places are at a standstill."

Speaking in a debate of the Oxford Union Society on the question of the advisability of establishing a national theatre, the affirmative side of which won by 161 votes to 56, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the famous playwright, said:

"Most powerful arguments for a national theatre are to be found in the present condition of the drama in England."

In the month of February he had occasion to look up how many Shakespearean performances were taking place in Great Britain on a certain night. "Throughout the length and breadth of the land there was only one—a performance of 'Twelfth Night' at the Queen's Theatre at Manchester. During the month of May, when the London season was at its height, after the Shakespearean Festival, there was not a single Shakespearean performance in London. At the present time there was only one, and that at a cheap price theatre."

There had been a very marked slump in Shakespeare for some years past. There were, indeed, occasional revivals, but the length of their run was noticeably shorter than was the corresponding run of the same plays under Irving's management twenty-five years ago. Shakespeare then ran for two or three hundred nights; our present managers had a difficulty in getting him up to a hundred. Thanks to the devotion and energy of Sir Herbert Tree, we had a Shakespearean Festival every year, and there were many good and some noticeable performances in it, but for all-round

acting he did not think our present representations of Shakespeare would compare with those of twenty-five years ago.

Some Hopeful Signs

When one turned to the modern drama, certain very hopeful and encouraging signs were found. Our reproduction of modern drawing-room comedy was at a very high level. But when one came to serious drama dealing in an honest and searching way with our modern life, one was forced to own that scarcely three pieces had met with any success during the last six years.

Serious drama in London had no hold whatever upon the public. While dozens of serious plays were being successfully produced in France and Germany, the English stage only produced them to run a few nights of empty houses. In the provinces it might be said that the drama was dead. The theatres were empty, except when musical comedies are being played, or when a London star brought down his company to play the latest London success.

Meanwhile the large music-halls were crammed. Those music-halls did, indeed, give certain sketches and dramatic scenes but they were for the most part very crude and on a very low intellectual level. In England the drama did not today exist as a form of art at all; it was merely tolerated by the great public as a mere hang-on of popular amusement.

"GIVE THEM A PLACE TO PLAY

(Denis A. McCarthy in The Springfield Republican)

Plenty of room for dives and dens (glitter and glare and sin!)

Plenty of room for prison pens (gather the criminals in!)

Plenty of room for jails and courts (willing enough to pay!)

But never a place for the lads to race; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of rooms for shops and stores (Mammon must have the best!)

Plenty of room for the running sores that rot in the city's breast!

Plenty of room for the lures that lead the hearts of our youth astray, But never a cent on a playground spent; no, never a place to play!

Plenty of room for schools and halls, plenty of room for art;

Plenty of room for teas and balls, platform, stage and mart,

Proud is the city—she finds a place for many a fad today,

But shes more than blind if she fails to find a place for the boys to play!

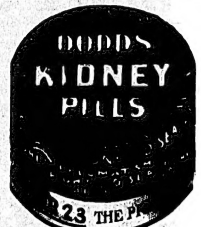
Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun, Better a playground spot than a court and a jail when the harm is done!

Give them a chance—if you stint them now, tomorrow you'll have to pay.

A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to play!

RACE SUICIDE IN BRITAIN

Marriage, divorce and race suicide are taking most of the public attention in the old land, now that the royal ceremonies are over.



To the grief of those who join in praising big families, the birth rate in England is steadily declining. The population of England and Wales is set down as 37,356,615 and the birth numbered 914,621 during 1909, which is a drop of 2.2 per 1,000 in the average for the preceding ten years.

Hon. E. Lytton, headmaster of Eton, the famous aristocratic school, denounced the reluctance of society to accept its responsibilities. He points

and have children affects the educated classes, not the lower classes.

"There are certain men in every profession that lead their fellowmen," he says. "It has been estimated that these leaders used to average 250 in every million men. Since 1875, when the decline in the birth rate began, the average has been 100 per million less than before, while the destitute and criminals are increasing. The country is being starved in all lines of its life

and there is no worse form of decay."

Meanwhile the divorce commission is producing daily evidence of rash marriages, churches competing with cheap fees to rush hasty couples into wedlock, little men hosed by big wives, and a whole host of marriage horrors calculated to terrify nervous mankind. One proposal that is meeting with feminine support is to have women on the juries in divorce cases.



AFTER THE WEDDING

After the marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, London, recently, of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Harrison, the bride and bridegroom left the church under an arch of swords formed by the men of the groom's regiment, the Royal Horse Guards. Mrs. Harrison was Miss Margery Lawson, daughter of Colonel the Hon. William Lawson, and grand-daughter of Lord Burnham.

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WOULD ROYAL COURT AT OTTAWA MEAN FUSS AND FEATHERS?

(From the Kingston Standard)

Various persons of personages have been mentioned as probable appointees to the position of Governor-General of Canada, all of whom, we have no doubt, would make excellent officials. Among these is the Duke of Connaught. It must unquestionably be considered a compliment for Canada to have a prince of the royal blood named as her viceroy. In the wife of the Marquis of Lorne, formerly Governor-General of Canada, we had a princess, but we have never had a prince as our nominal ruler.

While, however, Canadians would look upon it as an honor to have the Duke of Connaught here, and while he would be received with all that respect which should be shown to one of his rank, it is a fact nevertheless that there are several phases in connection with the matter that need serious consideration.

There are those who remember the time when Princess Louise was in this country and who also remember the extravagance, despite the Princess' own desire to the contrary, that nearly ruined Ottawa society people who tried to keep up the pace set by those in authority.

It would be almost impossible for the Duke, no matter how anxious he might be, to avoid ostentation, to keep within those bounds in social matters which characterize a democratic country like Canada. Of necessity his position would be commanding; and yet a royal court in Canada or any semblance of it would be, as an exchange says, "a social burden, if not a social curse."

Doubtless there are many who may be classed as "climbers," eager for social distinction, who would try to keep up "the pace," but the great mass of Canadians are plain, sensible people who would look with disfavor upon the introduction in Canada of anything like the "pomp, pride and circumstance" associated with royalty.

This does not in any sense reflect upon the loyalty. It simply means that they are democratic in their ideas and believe in the simple life of a simple people.

Fortunately the Duke himself hates fuss and feathers, and that should help decidedly.

HER CHANCE

For a moment the study was quiet. Then Mrs. Bell renewed the argument. "Ralph, you simply don't understand, I've got to go! It's only for a month, and if I stay here, why, we shall just spend the money for building out the library or putting on a porte-cochere or—"

"We might save it for a rainy day," suggested Professor Bell, practically.

"What if it didn't come, and then we had all that money just thrown on our hands?" retorted Mrs. Bell, whom, suddenly, gain she began with determination.

"Don't you see—but, no, you don't, not for a little minute, because you've got your books to read and your boys to teach and your blessed leisure. On think I ought to be as content as you are yourself. Well, I'm not. When I try to paint nowadays, to do just the simplest sketch of 'pochade,' my brushes fairly stick, gum, glue themselves to the palette. And Aunt Lydia's legacy will help me to all I need, much as I love it. And, by the way, criticism and advice while he's in America, as I used to have it in Munich."

"And the children?" questioned her husband. "They're still so little," he added slowly.

Mrs. Bell's brow clouded for a moment. Then it suddenly cleared.

"As if Nanna wasn't a treasure!" she replied. "I'd trust her judgment sooner than I would my own, and Tessie's five and Ralph's nearly three." She spoke virtuously, as if the combined ages were what was to be counted.

Mrs. Bell won her point. She usually did. After a week spent in careful preparations, in advice to her husband, in admonitions to the children and in counsels with Nanna, Mrs. Bell found herself waiting one afternoon at the junction, where countless tracks crossed and recrossed into a steel spider-web. Her train was late; trains always were at the junction, and wearing of her magazine, she glanced vaguely round to occupy herself, and saw two little Italians, and one could hardly toddle, recklessly starting to cross the tracks. With a sudden impulse she hurried after them, and caught the boy's sleeve.

"See, Giuseppe!" she commanded, persuasively, as she held out a seductive, glittering nickel, take the little sister back home, and don't ever try to cross the tracks again alone."

"His eyes were like little Ralph's,"

she thought as she entered the parlor. Not a seat was left, and she made her way discontentedly into the day-coach. It was full, or nearly so, and with misgivings, she sank into a double seat with a woman all in black and two little children. What a mercy they were pretty—and clean! Outside the blurring twilight landscape made reading uneasy; one of the children was restless too. With a quick friendliness that made little things love her, Mrs. Bell gathered him into her lap and began to amuse him. The baby dropped asleep in her mother's arms, and the two women fell to talking, or, rather, Mrs. Bell listened to the simple unfolding of a tragedy.

The black dress meant that the woman's husband, a workman, had died suddenly two weeks before.

"I sold up everything," she went on, "but it wasn't enough, so I'm taking my babies to mother while I work out. I did hope I could keep them with me, but no one wants two children round. And I'm afraid they'll miss me awful."

Mrs. Bell hugged the boy close to her, and her eyes filled with tears; at the next stop the woman got out, unconscious of the lesson she had given. Then as the train whirled on, Mrs. Bell stared into the dusk, thinking, thinking. What if anything had happened to them while she was gone? With a little sigh she thrust away her painting, her hopes, her chance, and once in the station, she hurried to the telegraph office and wrote quickly:

"Expect me on midnight train. My chance is at home!"—Youth's Companion.

ATHLETICS AND THE HEART

"In the game of life, hearts are trumps," says Dr. Woods Hutchinson, in the July "Outing" in his article, "Athletics and the Heart."

"The greatest single danger of athletics to the heart occurs when, for example:

"A boy has had, it may be, a comparatively mild attack of one of the infectious fevers, typhoid, pneumonia, influenza, or tonsillitis; he is still a little weak and his heart beats more rapidly and violently than it should on exertion, but the team needs him, or he is anxious for a certain record, and he starts back into training with a heart which has not fully repaired its damage.

"Suddenly one day the heart can no

longer drive on its overload of blood and down goes the runner or carman in an attack of heart failure. These are the cases that bring discredit, and deserved discredit upon athletics—deserved because every one of them could be avoided by intelligent medical examination and the exercise of a little ordinary common sense and judgment in the exclusion from athletic contests or training of all boys or men who are recently convalescent from any attack of infectious disease.

"Every athletic trainer or coach ought to be compelled by law either to take a medical degree or at least such physiological and medical training as that possessed by a trained nurse, for instance, which would enable him to recognize these dangerous conditions of the heart and to discover when it is doing badly under training. Then one of these pitiable accidents should cost him his position at once."

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE FLY

Don't come into my parlor," said the Housewife to the Fly:

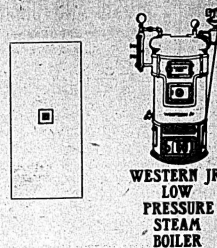
"Here's a screen at every window, and your entrance I defy. There are microbes in your footsteps and a crust upon your head, which, if not microscopic, would fill our hearts with dread."

"You carry germs of typhoid and spread consumption's ban, and our sanitary teachers paint your crimes in sanguine plain. Don't come into my parlor; and for safety I would pray. If you walked into my dining room upon some sunny day."

"There are seeds of vile distempers hidden in your tiny wings. And your many feet have travelled over nameless filthy things. You're a menace to our safety; you are powerful though small, and the mischief you accomplish would the bravest heart appal."

"If you enter, I have poison all prepared for you to eat, and paper spread to tangle your germ-laden wings and feet."

"I will poison, trap or smash you if you do not leave my door. For our modern sanitation will endure your calls no more."



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The Gigantic Furniture Sale is in Full Swing

AT THE

CAMPBELL FURNITURE CO.

This week marks another money saving event in the history of Edmonton. People are buying and buying quickly because they have learned from past experience that when a sale is announced at this store, it is bona-fide. All prices are marked in plain figures, and you see the prices advertised in to-day's Capital—they will correspond with the price tags on the furniture. Come today. The following call for special attention.

Hammocks

\$1.25. Sale Price....\$3.35
5.50. Sale Price....4.35
7.50. Sale Price....5.95
9.50. Sale Price....7.55

Lawn Seats

\$2.00. Sale Price....\$1.50

Wonderful Value

Piece Carpets
25 p.c. off

Cheffoniers

\$13.75. Sale Price....\$10.05
17.50. Sale Price....13.35
30.00. Sale Price....23.50
44.00. Sale Price....34.75
75.00. Sale Price....58.75

Veranda Shades

\$1.15. Sale Price....0.00
2.00. Sale Price....1.55
3.50. Sale Price....2.75
4.50. Sale Price....3.55
6.25. Sale Price....5.00
8.75. Sale Price....7.00

Lawn & Veranda Swings

\$7.50. Sale Price....\$5.80
10.50. Sale Price....8.35
19.50. Sale Price....15.55

Dining Room, Den, Parlor, Bedroom, Hall, Library, Kitchen Furniture, all marked at Lowest Figures for Cash.

Baby Carriages and Go-Carts

RATTAN
\$10.00. Sale Price....\$5.00
10.50. Sale Price....8.25
22.00. Sale Price....11.00
27.50. Sale Price....13.75
32.00. Sale Price....16.00

Odd Parlor Pieces

**SUITABLE FOR PARLOR, BED-
ROOM OR VERANDAH**
\$13.50. Sale Price....\$9.00
17.00. Sale Price....11.50
22.00. Sale Price....15.00
30.00. Sale Price....20.00

Grass Chairs and Rockers

\$3.50. Sale Price....\$2.75
8.25. Sale Price....6.50
9.50. Sale Price....7.50

Parlor Suites

\$52.00. Sale Price....\$38.75
72.00. Sale Price....53.25
120.00. Sale Price....89.95
250.00. Sale Price....176.00

Morris Chairs

\$10.00. Sale Price....\$7.75
16.00. Sale Price....13.00
20.00. Sale Price....15.50
30.00. Sale Price....22.95

Rugs & Squares
20 p.c. off

Iron Beds

\$14.00. Sale Price....\$10.00
6.50. Sale Price....5.15
9.00. Sale Price....7.15
16.50. Sale Price....13.10
28.00. Sale Price....21.00
51.50. Sale Price....35.00

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Wonderful Success of "Fruit-a-lives"
—The Famous Fruit Medicine

Fruit juice consists of about 97% water, 8% of sweet matter, and only 1% of an intensely bitter substance. Careful experiments show that it is this bitter principle, which is the active or medicinal material of fruit juice.

Under certain conditions, the bitter principle can be made to replace or transform some of the sweet atoms in the juice, thus making a new compound which is much more active medicinally than the ordinary juice.

Many fruits were analyzed and it was found that the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes gave the best results. These fruit juices, having been made more active by the secret process of changing the sweet principle into the bitter, are combined with tonics and antiseptics and made into tablets. These tablets are the famous fruit medicine—

"Fruit-a-lives"—known in every part of Canada for their wonderful curative qualities in diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Skin. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 or trial size, 35c.

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AVE, CAESAR

(Punch.)

(It has been announced that Caesar will hereafter be cared for by the Queen-Mother.)

Full in the splendor of this morning hour,
With tramping of men and roll of
muffled drums,
In what a pomp and pageantry of
power,
Borne to his grave, our lord, King
Edward, comes!

In flashing gold and high magnifi-
cence,
Lo, the proud cavalcade of com-
rade Kings,
Me here to do the dead King re-
verence,
Its solemn tribute of affection
brings.

Heralds and Pursuivants and Men-at-

Sultan and Paladin and Potentate,
Scarred Captains who have baffled
war's alarms
And Courtiers glittering in their
robes of state.

All in their blazoned ranks, with eyes
cast down,
slow pacing in their sorrow pass
along

Where that which bore the sceptre
and the crown
Cleaves at their head the silence of
the throng

And in a space behind the passing
hail,
Looking and longing for his lord in
vain,

A little playmate whom the King held
dear,
Caesar, the terrier, tugs his silver
chain!

Hail, Caesar, lonely little Caesar,
hail!

Little for you the gathered Kings
avail,
Little you seek, as meekly past you
go,

Of that solemnity of formal woe.
In the strange silence, lo, you prick
your eye

For one loved voice, and that you
shall not hear.

So when the monarchs with their
bright array
Of cold and steel and stars have
passed away,

When, to their wonted use restored
again,
All things go duly in their ordered
train,

You shall appeal at each exuding
door,
Search through the rooms and every
haunt explore;

From lawn to lawn, from path to
path pursue,
The well-loved form that still escapes
your view.

At every tree some happy memories
rise
To stir your tail and animate your
eyes.

And at each turn, with gathering
strength endured,
Hope, still frustrated, must be still
renewed.

How should you rest from your ap-
pointed task
Till chance restore the happiness you
ask.

Take from your heart the burden,
ease your pain,
And grant you to your master's side
again,

Proud and content if but you could
beguile
His voice to flatter and his face to
smile?

Caesar, the kindly days may bring
relief;
Swiftly they pass and dull the edge
of grief.

You, too, resigned at last, may school
your mind
To miss the comrade whom you can-
not find.

Never forgetting, but as one who
feels
The world has secrets which no skill
reveals,

Henceforth, whatever the ruthless
rates may give,
You shall be loved and cherished
while you live,

Reft of your master, little dog for-
lorn,
To one dear mistress you shall now
be sworn.

And in her queenly service you shall
dwell,
At rest with one who loved your mas-
ter well.

The faithful kingdom of a true dog's
soul,
And for the past's dear sake shall
still defend

Caesar, the dead King's humble little
friend.

R. C. L.

KODAK

Your fun will be
doubled if you have
a KODAK with you

"THE GOLDEN-HAIRED BOY GENERAL"

The Death of General Custer Recalled
by the Monument Recently Un-
veiled to his Memory.

Though he was born in Ohio and
perished away out on the Little Big
Horn, it was in Michigan that the
monument to Custer was dedicated
Saturday. Michigan's interest in the
brilliant soldier is due to the fact
that the first brigade of the cavalry
raised in that state for service in the
Civil War was commanded by the gold-
en-haired boy general. He was one
of the most skillful of the many fine
soldiers developed in the long strug-
gle between north and south, and was
easily the most picturesque. In dress
he was a veritable dandy. He wore
his yellow hair long and thus set the
fashion for lesser Indian fighters like
Buffalo Bill. Even the Indians who
finally shot him down considered his
striking appearance as denoting an al-
most supernatural antagonist.

Unlike Grant and other generals
whose genius or aptitude for military
command was never suspected until it
the emergency of sudden responsibil-
ity revealed it, Custer was a soldier al-
most from the cradle. His father be-
longed to the Ohio militia, and used
to drill once a month. Frequently he
would take his little son, George Arm-
strong, with him, as the youngster
seemed to delight in the exercises.
When he was four years old the proud
father had a little uniform made for
the future general, and armed with
a wooden sword, he used to toddle
along beside the bearded militia men.
This was not the best training for the
missionary, which both parents fondly
hoped the boy would become. His
very name bespoke his destiny, as he
was called after Armstrong, a noted
colporteur and missionary.

As he grew up, he showed such a
decided bent toward a military career
that he was sent to West Point. He
first saw service as a second lieutenant
at Bull Run. He was quickly marked
out for advancement, and rapidly
he justified the confidence placed in
him by his superiors. All branches
of the service were alike to Custer.
His first exploit was as an officer of
infantry. Then, with the army of
the Potomac he did excellent work as
an engineer in erecting fortifications.
He was promoted to captain and be-
came one of Gen. McClellan's aides.
Thenceforth he was a cavalry leader,
and there was none more daring clad
in either blue or grey. At Gettysburg
he had two horses shot under him. At
Appomattox he led the advance of
Gen. Sheridan's column, and was in
command of a division when Lee sur-
rendered.

What the Southerners thought of
Custer is shown by their refusal on
at least two occasions to shoot him
when he had incautiously placed him-
self at their mercy. One day, he
appeared unexpectedly before a com-
pany of Confederates prepared to
charge. He rode rapidly before the
lines, coolly scrutinizing them. In-
stantly he was covered by a hundred
rifles, but before a shot could be fired
he was along the lines. "Don't
shoot him, men! It's Custer. He's
too brave a man to kill." The Con-
federates used to say that he rode
well enough for a Southerner. His
appearance helped out this illusion,
for he was, as has been said, a ver-
itable dandy, taking the greatest care
of his soft felt hat, his red silk necktie,
and his ornamental fannel shirt. His
particularity was all the more re-
markable, for until he became a
major-general he used to look like a
tramp. The reason for the change
was explained by Custer to a friend
when he said that he wanted to make
himself so conspicuous that in the
heat of battle every one of his men
would instantly recognize him.
From 1865 to 1876 he remained on

the Western frontier shepherding the
turbulent Indians, and adding to his
reputation in many a clash with the
hostiles. Gradually the unrest of the
Sioux increased, and early in 1876 it
became necessary to plan a regular
campaign against Sitting Bull. On
June 22, 1876, Custer, with his whole
regiment, and a considerable number
of scouts and unattached Indian
fighters passed up the Rosebud
River, 20 miles, struck an Indian trail
and followed it to the Little Big Horn,
where he found a large settlement of
Indians. He divided his command,
and at the head of five companies, at-
tempted to ford the river at a point
three miles further down. The Sioux
gave battle; Custer and his immediate
command were surrounded, and not a
man of them escaped alive. Only
from the Indians themselves has any
report of the last battle been obtain-
ed. It is known that Custer was
about the last man to fall, sinking at
last, clutching his empty revolver, on
the dead piled about him. Thus
perished one of the great heroes of
the Civil War, a brilliant officer who
was made a brigadier general at the
age of twenty-three, paying the
penalty of holding too cheap the most
crude natural warriors in the world.
—Toronto Mail and Empire.

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next sack of flour ask
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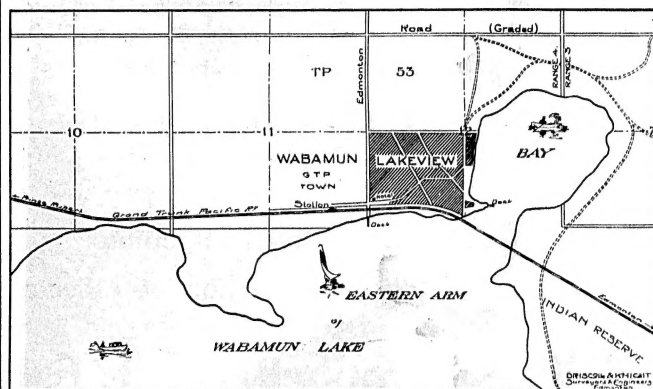
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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Lines have rented their house on Eighth street to Mr. MacDonald, and are leaving the summer at "Updown Villa," the residence of Mrs. Lines' mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bowers left on Saturday to spend a fortnight's holidays at Banff.

The Frank Smiths are also away for the summer to that popular resort, where every year, a regular Edmonton colony foregather, to enjoy the delights of mountain air, and scenery, to say nothing of the famous baths and kindred attractions.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark Bowker returned on Sunday from a month's holidays at the Coast.

For a second time in one week the Angel-of-Death has visited the block in which I live, and removed another neighbor under peculiarly distressing circumstances. I refer to the death of Mr. Cecil Goddard, assistant chief engineer of the A. & G. W. railway, which took place in Winnipeg on Friday morning last.

For a considerable time Mr. Goddard, one of the most brilliant engineers in the country, has been very seriously ill. Following an operation a couple of months ago in Winnipeg, he made a very satisfactory recovery, but on his return here, still weak from the shock of the operation and the illness preceding it, he was obliged to give evidence, covering a period of four terribly-trying hot days before the Royal Commission in a crowded and badly-ventilated court-room, an experience which I know from personal knowledge, told shockingly on his nerves, and which one cannot but argue, must have been a serious factor in delaying his complete return to health. A few days ago he was obliged to go back to Winnipeg under the doctor's care, where he succumbed on Friday morning.

His death, under the circumstances, has about it many elements of tragedy. Still a young man, with a wife and family of four children, and a life of splendid promise ahead of him, he has been cut down with comparatively little warning. To his devoted wife and family, the heart-felt sympathy of the entire community will be extended in their great loss.

Mrs. Horace Harvey and her son, Alan, returned from a delightful holiday at the Coast on Monday morning. Mr. Justice Harvey was also a visitor for a few days to that ideal summer paradise, having gone down to bring his little family home.

If newspaper gossip is true, Premier Sifton has purchased Mr. Powell's house on Sixth street near McKay avenue, and will occupy his new residence about the middle of August. Mrs. Sifton and her daughter, Mrs. Clark Dennis, have just returned from an extended visit to the south, and are at present in Banff, where the Premier also spent part of the week, enjoying the bracing mountain air, and the luxury of a very attractive summer home. The Premier and Mrs. Sifton have a great many friends in the Capital already, all of whom will be delighted to welcome them to Edmonton, as permanent residents.

Major Saunders has leased his house for the year and leaves shortly on a long survey. I had a letter from Mrs. Saunders, from Lausanne, Switzerland early last month, stating that she and her daughters expected to remain there until she and her family had perfected themselves in French. While enjoying thoroughly their experiences abroad, Mrs. Saunders is, however, true to her home and Edmonton, and says that both she and her daughters will thoroughly welcome the day of their return.

While in Woodstock I had luncheon with a friend but just returned from Mexico, where she had spent a most enjoyable holiday with the Stinsons, who formerly had a ranch at Calgary, and who have many friends throughout the country. In the house party was Mrs. D. L. Scott, of Edmonton, pictures of whom showed her looking exceptionally well, even in particular, taken at the foot of a pyramid, being of peculiar interest. My friend assured me that Mrs. Scott was enjoying the novelty of a stay amid such picturesque surroundings immensely, so that on her return we may all hope to see her looking her old merry self.

Many Edmonton friends will extend heartfelt congratulations to Dr. Whitaker and his bride.

I take the following from the "Toronto Globe": "On Wednesday afternoon, June 22, the marriage of Miss Ethel Margaret Sommerville, late of Edmonton, Alta., to Dr. H. P. Whitaker, of Edmonton, eldest son of Mr. E. C. Whitaker, 66 Wharncliffe road, London, Ont., took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Sommerville, Market street, George town, Rev. R. P. Cameron officiating. The bride was given away by her father and wore a handsome gown

of Duchesse satin, with dewdrop net, and carried a bouquet of roses and lily of the valley. The bridesmaid was Miss Davina Sommerville, only sister of the bride, and was beautifully gowned in a French dress of cream silk chiffon, with pink roses. The groom was supported by his only brother, Mr. Carleton C. Whitaker, M.D., of Sarnia. The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl and diamond sunburst, and to the bridesmaid a coral brooch. Mrs. Sharp of Toronto played the Wedding March and Miss Agnes McLeod sang a solo. Dr. and Mrs. Whitaker left for the east. They will reside in Edmonton."

(Continued on page eight)

UNAFRAID

Who's afraid of a cow!

They're so gentle and kind
You can go up quite close and they
none of 'em mind.

An' they like little girls, so I've heard
people say—
But I wish, oh I wish, they were furdur
away!

Pooh! who's afraid?

They're as good as can be,
An' one's a child cow that is young-
er than me.

An' they give us good milk—an'
there's nothing to fear—
But I wish, oh I wish that my Daddy
was here!

—Harper's Magazine.

TRAVEL ON THE CONTINENT

(Pall Mall Gazette)

"Paris en Six Jours."

On Monday I propose "a drive
Along the Champ-Elysees,
The Luxembourg from four till five,
And then a cup of tea, say."
She said, "At any other time
our programme would be topping;
I'd come with pleasure, only I'm
So anxious to go shopping."

I plan for Tuesday "Notre Dame,
The Louvre for half an hour,
A cup of tea, a penny tram,
And then the Eiffel Tower."
She said, "If I weren't busy, yes,"
But little things keep cropping
Up, which I'll forget unless
I instantly go shopping."

On Wednesday I arranged to do
A day's trip to Chantilly,
She said she would have loved it too,
But thought it rather silly.
The day was sure to turn out wet,
And we should come home sogging,
Whereas the Maison Lafayette
Was built for wet-day shopping."

On Thursday I thought, "Anyhow,
We'll manage a museum.
Those prehistoric mummies, now?
It's your last chance to see 'em."
At first she said "All right!" then
"Stay!"
(And here she told a whooping
Fib.) "Thursday's early-closing day,
We'll first of all go shopping."

On Friday, feeling rather bored,
And bent on something thrilling,
"A cirque!" said I. She hummed and
haved,
And said it cost a shilling.
"Besides," she added, "evening's best
To watch young ladies hopping
On tight-ropes, indiscreetly dressed;
The day's the time for shopping."

On Saturday I'm very keen
To go and see the Salon.
"It's our last day! Now don't be mean!
We'll shop tomorrow, allons!"
She said, "That's just the reason why,
As we are only stopping,
Just twelve more hours, I must fly,
And spend them all on shopping."

His Chief Regret

"Yes," said the home-grown philoso-
pher, "we all have our regrets."
"And what is your chief regret?"
asked the other party to the dialogue.
"That at the age of 50 I'm not half
as wise as I thought I was at the age
of 21," answered the philosophy dis-
penser.

Closing the Incident

Pulsatilla—"Your latest young man,
I hear, has written a play or two. Has
he produced anything yet?"
Euphorbia—"Yes; the last time he
called he produced a diamond ring."

Fly in the Ointment

Dix—"His wife is away, and I'm
going over this evening to cheer him
up a bit."
Mrs. Dix—"Why not bring him here?"
Dix—"Well—I need a little cheer-
ing up myself."

"PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY"

"Everybody Thinks His Own Cuckoo
Sings Better Than Somebody
Else's Nightingale"—Old
Proverb.

The reader may perhaps remember one of the reasons, according to "Punch," that Garibaldi gave for so suddenly leaving England; we trust that a similar fear will not prevent the perusal of this article. Proverbs, with the interpretation thereof, are not as a rule, pleasant reading; it is therefore with some diffidence, and with every apology that we politely invoke the readers' forbearance. The proverb, however, above quoted is, we are inclined to think, worthy of a little consideration, inasmuch as it touches with keen sarcasm a common human weakness to which attention is rarely called; and judicious satire is sometimes, as we all know, a powerful corrective.

William Hazlitt declares that the essence of true poetry lies, not so much in what it says, as in what it suggests. If that definition is correct the above proverb is in deed and truth a very poetical one; for in reading it intelligently our thoughts dwell neither on cuckoos nor nightingales but on an abstract idea entirely removed from feathered songsters of any kind.

We notice, too, that the proverb begins with the word "everybody," and if it means anything its application must be understood to be universal; its meaning, that is, attaches itself to you and to me—to the reader and to the writer. Now, when we are startled by personalities of this description it has a tendency to make one "sit up" and take stock of ourselves, which is not a bad thing for any of us.

Well, now, we observe further that the fact appears to be inferred that whilst all of us are supposed to possess the cuckoo, only some are favored with the nightingale. In other words, the nightingale is the rara avis, owned only by the fortunate few, the other one belongs to "everybody." It is, therefore, to the nature of the latter possession that we here more particularly desire to draw the reader's attention. For we must note that our friend of the proverb is not jealous of the other's bird; he seems indeed in a way to despise it; what is remarkable is, that the owner of the cuckoo is so blinded by the self-deception and wounded pride that he cannot or will not acknowledge the superiority of the vocal powers of his rival's songster, and wrongfully esteems the meaner possession of the cuckoo as of more excellence. This shows a peculiar trait in human character; and

solely human it surely is.

It may be further noticed incidentally, that there is no violent antithesis in the proverb—it does not say, for instance, that the man esteems his own sparrow's song better than that of the other bird. No, both birds, though for different reasons, are held to be true songsters, but their equality ends there, for the song of the nightingale is incomparably the superior, though in the proverb the jealous owner will not have it so, his judgment is really perverted.

But now let us draw a little nearer home; let us look, that is, to a more personal "interpretation" of the proverb. Though "dark sayings" are not always the "words of the wise," yet perchance a useful hint or two may possibly be found hidden away somewhere behind this one. Speaking generally there can be little doubt that the two main ideas wrapped up in this proverb are: the necessity for truth and modesty with regard to the value of our own possessions, and due acknowledgement of the superior worth of those of others.

And what in such case are our possessions? To illustrate: We have all witnessed the look on the face of a

hostess, when her daughter has just risen from the piano after giving a very indifferent exhibition of her ability as a pianist and singer, and is immediately followed by a younger and greatly superior performer. Annoyance, chagrin, jealousy, hatred, all are plainly visible to the furtive glance of the observer. The mother positively refuses to admit, even to herself, the cuckoo's mediocrity, and strenuously belittles the nightingale's just claims. To follow out the same idea further in the social functions of the present day, especially where our esteemed lady friends are concerned, would not be pleasant to the writer, nor, we imagine, precisely to the taste of the gentle reader. And even if we did so, what good would result, so long as the owner of the cuckoo and the nightingale are, and always will be, such near and dear neighbors?

One more illustration: Mr. So-and-So's garden is a picture (in his own eyes) though a weedy one, whilst that of his neighbor, well, "the man knows absolutely nothing of gardening." The latter takes the show prizes nevertheless, "but that, you know, is the result of favoritism," and so on. The cuckoo's song is exquisite, the night-

ingale's is not so bad.

To carry our inquiry into the domain of professed religionists would not be wise. One word of caution, however, will not perhaps be out of place. With all due respect, we ask our religious friends if it is not true that there is urgent need for these virtues in their midst, viz: a more rigid appraisalment of their own personal merits, and a ready and more just acknowledgement of the superiority of those of others. Let the cuckoos continue to sing by all means, and let not the nightingales cease to charm the midnight silence with their delightful melodies, but let us attribute to each, irrespective of ownership, its due and legitimate measure of commendation.

GEORGE BOWKER,

Edmonton.

Why Discharged

Beers—Why did you discharge your bookkeeper—didn't he make proper additions?

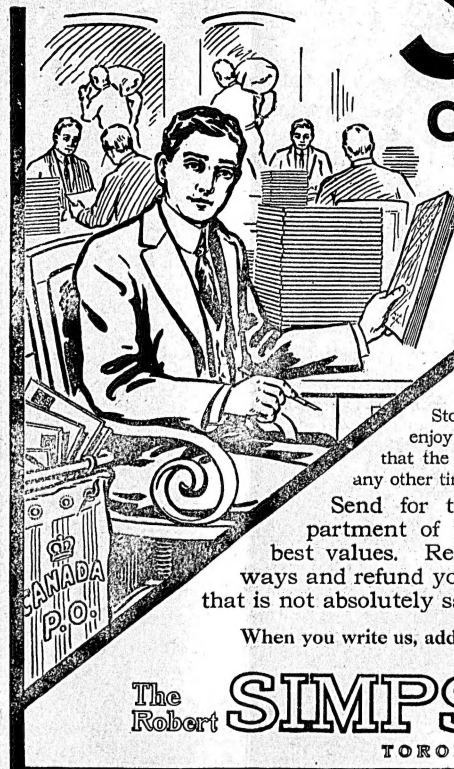
Townsend—Oh, his additions were proper enough; but his subtractions were most scandalously improper.



THE PROCLAMATION

Scene at Windsor when King George V. was proclaimed, the ceremony taking place beside the statue of the late Queen Victoria.

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HOME AND SOCIETY

Edmonton

(Continued from page six.)

Mr. and Mrs. Swaisland returned on Monday from a week-end visit to Calgary and Banff.

Towards the end of the month she and her small family are leaving for Gull Lake, where they will stay at the Hotel for a short holiday.

Mrs. Nightingale is also leaving for the same happy holiday ground for little folks at the month end, where she will share the Emery's cottage.

Mrs. Duncan Smith goes down with her daughter for her summer camp at Gull Lake on Friday or Saturday of this week.

Mrs. Fardee leaves with her small family for her summer cottage at St. Albert on Friday.

Already the handsome new residence of the Bank of Montreal are erecting for their manager, is beginning to assume definite shape and from all accounts will be one of the finest and most spacious homes at the Capital.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Biggar's new house on Sixth street is also well on its way and will add another beautiful home to the rapidly-growing list of artistic houses in Edmonton.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Harrison's recently completed home on the same street is still another residence that for charm, comfort and individuality it would be hard to better. I had a rather hurried glimpse of it one day last week and thought I had seldom seen a more delightful arrangement.

Mrs. J. D. Harrison and Master Jack and Bobby Harrison, left for their usual summer camp at Cooking Lake early in the week. Mrs. Lane and her small son going down at the same time.

Mrs. Webb of Winnipeg is visiting Mrs. T. M. Turnbull, who is entertained at a luncheon in her honor on Friday.

Mrs. Slocock was the hostess of a jolly verandah tea on Tuesday, the charming surroundings of this pretty home making an outdoor tea-party especially enjoyable.

Mr. and Mrs. Ghiselin returned on Tuesday evening from their short honeymoon at Boags Lake, and are now busy getting settled in their new home on Eighth street.

Mrs. F. P. Hobson and Master Tommy and Miss Helen Cross left for a holiday at Bower Island on Wednesday.

The smart shower and wind storm of Wednesday afternoon upset Mrs. Bower Campbell's plan for a verandah bridge, making it necessary, at the very last moment, to move the tables within doors, and also delaying play until rather late in order to accommodate belated guests. But the

party was none the less a merry one after the guests had assembled, everyone seeming delighted at the excuse for a chat and to spend a mid-summer afternoon over the popular game.

Six or seven tables engaged in play, the party being given for Mrs. Webb of Winnipeg, who wore a smart gown of pale dotted green foulard, with handsome cream and gold lace accessories, and a black picture hat, with plumes. Mrs. Campbell was also fashionably frocked, her gown of amethyst-shaded silk voile, elaborately outouched, being very becoming. The prizes were won by Mrs. Balmer Watt and Mrs. Scoble, being dainty bits of china. The rain, having passed well over by tea-time, refreshments were served on the broad verandah, Mrs. Dickinson and Madame Thibaudau serving the delicious tea and ices, and Miss Norah Campbell and a bevy of pretty young girls attending to the wants of the guests, very considerably augmented, at the social hour by a number who dropped in for tea.

Among those present were, Mrs. Turnbull, Mrs. Pardee, Mrs. Swaisland, Mrs. Nightingale, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Hislop, Mrs. Biggar, Mrs. Wilfrid Harrison, Mrs. Scoble, Madame Thibaudau, Mrs. Cuthbert, Miss Hal dane, and later for tea, Mrs. Alex. Fraser, Madame Cote, Mrs. Cautley, Mrs. Slocock, Madame Martin, Mrs. Sommerville, Mrs. Shori, Mrs. Maya, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Bishopric, Miss Tilly, and several of the younger set.

Mons and Madame Gagnon of Quebec are expected in town on Friday on a visit to their daughter, Madame Cote of Eighth street.

NOTE AND COMMENT

(Continued from Page One.)

Matters have been presented time and again without much effect, but the whole subject is of such prime importance that it might well be made the subject of a commission of enquiry. It is of far greater importance than an investigation of the causes for the increased cost of living, such as the Dominion Government is now being asked to undertake.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SEALS

President David Starr Jordan has written an imaginary life story of a seal with the hope of enlisting public sentiment in favor of the vigorous protection of those beautiful animals. It is said that in 1880 the Behring Sea was inhabited by no less than 2,500,000 seals, but by 1910 the number had been reduced to about 150,000. All the others had been mercilessly "slaughtered" as mothers or starved as children. The United States, Great Britain and Japan are held responsible for the destruction.

A BIT OF BYPLAY

Even war, with all its grim horror, has now and then a bit of fun, and enemies, plied against each other in deadly struggle, can relax into friendly controversy. General Sir Daniel Lysons relates a curious incident of the Crimean War. While the English army lay before Sebastopol, much speculation went on in regard to the relative merits of certain Russian and certain English guns.

One day, during an armistice, a Russian officer of artillery came to the British lines and asked to see the commander of the British artillery. "Your sixty-eight-pounder that your people call 'Jenny' is a beautiful gun," said the Russian, but we have as good; like to have a fair duel with her."

Arrangements were made that at twelve the next day all other firing should cease, and that the two guns should be put to the test.

At the appointed time a large number of officers were assembled to view the contest. The British sailors of the gun detachment took off their caps and saluted the Russians, who returned the compliment. The English gun as the senior, was allowed to fire first. It struck the side of the Russian embrasure. Then the Russians returned a good shot.

The third shot from Jenny went clear through the enemy's embrasure. The bluejackets, thinking the enemy was theirs, jumped upon the parapets and cheered. But they were mistaken. In a minute out came the Russian gun again, and delivered several accurate shots. Jenny got a bad thump in her side, but it did no material harm.

At the seventh shot from the British side the Russian gun was knocked clean over. The British fellows cheered.

ed vociferously, and the Russians mounted the parapet and took off their hats in acknowledgment of defeat. This ended the great gun duel, and more serious hostilities were resumed.

A GOOD RETORT

It is told of a successful comedian that his first bit of popularity was gained in a rough mining town where he was giving "impersonations" in a hall to a large but unpleasantly critical audience.

He was young and not exactly at his ease, and the freely delivered comments which greeted him upon his appearance were not reassuring; but he kept on, and gained in confidence. Some of the audience, however, had come prepared to amuse themselves and did not propose to be balked.

After one really commendable impersonation there was a round of applause, but in the midst of it a great cabbage landed on the stage at the actor's feet.

He picked it up, examined it, and then gazing out over the audience with the bland and innocent expression which has since become one of his most popular assets, he said: "Thank you. This is more than I had any reason to expect. It is the first time any one has lost his head over my acting."

HOW TOWN WAS HONORED

The native pride of small American towns is one of the most delightful things about them. The Louisville Courier-Journal is the authority for quoting this conversation:

"Did the presidential train stop at Plunkville?" asked a visitor, of the mayor of the place.

"No, it did not," replied the official, "but one of the party threw out a burnt match as they passed through."



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Sold
on the
Merits
of
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LINIMENT



A SCENE OUTSIDE BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOLLOWING THE KING'S DEATH

A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said: 'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was something in an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately an intense heat from above will come to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the person who has a New Perfection Stove, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



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